the revised edition

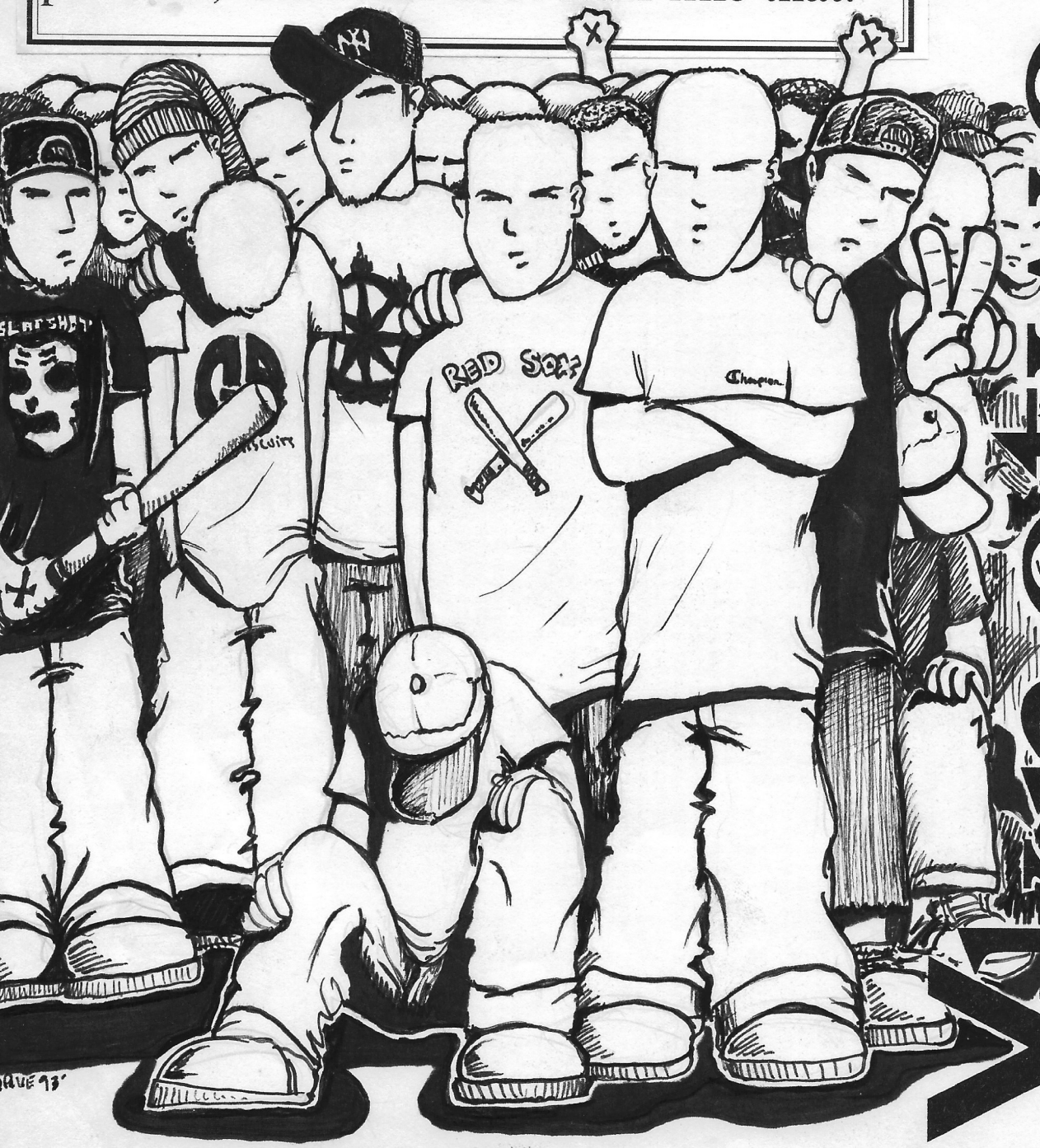
Inside: articles, opinions, BS, music & show reviews, poems, stories and an exciting fun page.

Not Inside: band interviews, nudie pictures, and other cool stuff like that.

XknotworkX

fanzine

issue number zero **$1.00**



SPRING/SUMMER EDITION

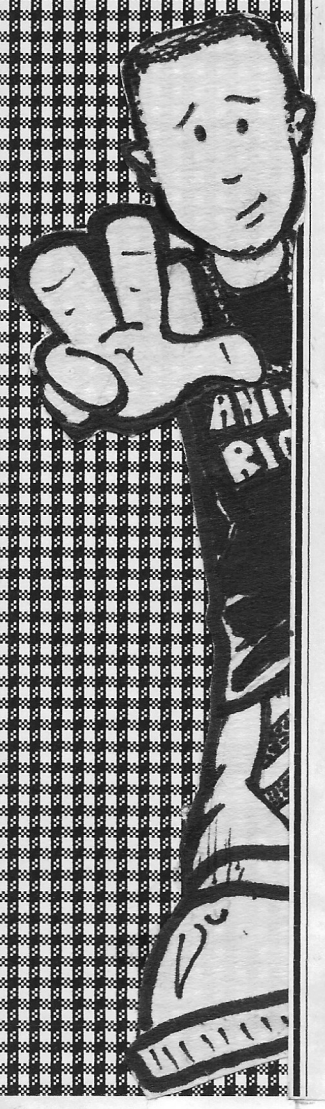
WELCOME

Welcome to knotwork. As you probably already know this is a revised version of the first issue zero. If you don't know... This is a revised version of the first issue zero. We just did some minor editing, moved a few things around, added and subtracted a few things. Nothing too big. Also since the first issue we added a new member to the staff (Kevin, a.k.a. Doc). We've also gotten some kinda response from the public, but we hope to get more.

We just want to know your listening. I do hope you enjoy reading, I know there's no band interviews or other "cool" shit like that. This zine contains, basically, articles, opinions, etc. from every day, ordinary people like your selves. Its the norm for some and a dose of reality for others. Some people will enjoy and some people will not. And some people will take offence of this material, I hope you don't, but there are some people out there who need to be offended, and who need a dose of reality.

But enough of that, just read on and let us know what you think. If we don't know what you think then we don't know what were doing right or wrong. Right? So thanks for buying, and keep in touch, we will.

-Jon and the knotwork staff



THE KNOTWORK CHANT

KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK IS OUR ZINE
KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK IS SO MEAN.
KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK YELL IT LOUD,
KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK WERE SO PROUD.
KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK IS FOR YOU,
KNOTWORK, KNOTWORK F.S.U.!!!

well it looks as if spring brought more than flowers this year. the philly scene was quite happening for a while there. too many shows too little time. so here's where my little review comes in.

april, 2nd, the first day of spring break. BANG!!! in comes QUICKSAND, LIFETIME, and some band surgery. LIFETIME, one of my personal favorites, doing a great job opening. surgery...who knows. then QUICKSAND putting on one helluva show. it was a blast.

day two of spring break... in comes INTROSPECT, CONVICTION, LIFETIME, RESSURECTION, and BORN AGAINST. this show was held at the university of the arts. the bands were absolutely great, i just think the location was bad. where was the motivation? i noticed about a total of three people out there who were really into it (you know who you are).

that was the first time i've heard INTROSPECT and CONVICTION, both were great. INTROSPECT really got things going. then there was LIFETIME who, again, played another excellent set. then RESSURECTION came on and just took it all away. we left after that. BORN AGAINST just doesn't tickle my fancy, but that's another story.

a few days later we found ourselves back at the t.l.a. april 7th brought SHEER TERROR, BIOHAZARD, and SICK OF IT ALL. SHEER TERROR got every one pumping and put on a great, great show. not being a BIOHAZARD fan "i'm goanna take the 5th." SICK OF IT ALL... well, you know the rest.

lifetime

SICK OF IT ALL

a little show review by my friend beau
(since i wasn't there for this one)

april 18th i went to see a show at revival, WORLDS COLLIDE, VISION and, INTO ANOTHER. when me and a couple of my buds went down we had slight difficulty getting in considering the door price was $10. after i was in (i got lost upstairs) i was down during WORLDS COLLIDE, WORLDS COLLIDE was really neat i liked them. then when VISION came on a little scuffle broke out which was really cool. VISION sounded great although i didn't see them cause there was some really cool pornos on. then INTO ANOTHER came, i heard their tape it was ok but they shred live. it was a good show, but for ten dollars i could have went into a peep show for a couple hours.

worlds collide

VISION

finally i got a rest but soon after we were traveling down to revival. (i'm still pissed that i missed the middlesex community collage show with ENDPOINT, 4 WALLS FALLING, OUTSPOKEN MOUTHPIECE, RESSURECTION, STRIFE, FLAGMAN, GRIP, and ASHES. so we wont talk about that.) ...so were going to revival to catch AMERICAN

STANDARD, ASHES, RAILHEAD, MOUTHPIECE, and RESSURECTION. well here's a story. first of all, RESSURECTION wasn't there. so now ASHES opens up, i really diged them. then a band called CRUD came on, this band of old school hardcore. it was just the way their singer, sean (sp.?), put all he had into it. next, MOUTHPIECE was up and they too played an excellent set and took it away with "can we win?" but what was wrong with everyone? where was the dancing, the energy? did you come to watch the bands or them cheap underground pornos? that got me mad. again thats another story.

now just the other day i went to see THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES, and i will have to say that that was one of the best shows i'll ever see. they get better and better every time around. well ya win some and ya loose some. but hey...theres always next time.

another little show review by my friend beau
(i was there but didn't feel like writing this one)

well this was my first city gardens show. daves directions were good, it only took us an hour. when we got there ray and the other krishnas were selling food. it sucked (i liked it). anyway... the first band ~~were~~ was rad, they were young but awesome. 108 were slamming with rob from RESSURECTION now singing with them. 108 was stomping, they played "no spritual surrender". and well, every ones favorite krshina, ray and SHELTER were excellent. altough a short set it was well worth the money and tome to go.

p.s. the place was a dump

shelter

the revised & up to date show review section

ok, where did we leave off? ah! so its now back to SHELTER, this time at the t.l.a. (jun. 20). this time they played with VISION and 108 of course. we got there late due to my graduation party being on the same day and we missed VISION but just in time for 108. both 108 and SHELTER played great sets but not as good as they did as city gardens.

for Farside review see: "THE TROC SUCKS" (pg. ?)

-jonX

knotwork's official music review

welcome to knotwork's official music review. this music review bares no boundaries, we will review over many different kinds of music, in any size shape or form (tapes, records, cd's, 7", 8 tracks, etc...). were just going to go off the walls and out of control. please note some of these entries could bo out of date.

* * *

Shelter, "Attaining the Supreme": this ones a must, you must run out ant get this one. i believe it's their best one yet. the lyrics are brilliant and the music, it self, is spectacular thanks to porcell who is once again back with ray, now in the shelter line up.

Under the Eight Ball, "Things Fall Apart": this production only comes in cd, so if you do have a cd player... concider yourself lucky. this cd should be a wise purchase for you. concidering they are a local band you might have trouble finding a copy of the cd, but i've been seeing it around here and there. so like i said get it... if ya can.

the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, "Don't Know How To Party": well the bosstones have done it again. although it's not as good as their previous productions, they came with an other good one. the bosstones are gaining more and more acceptance in the music biz, maybe to much but i believe they deserve it.

"Only the Strong" part II: this (obviously) is victory record's second hard core compilation i'm afraid this rating is not going to be too good. this comp contains bands like: ressurection, black train jack, strife, and others. im afraid their about the only bands on it with good music. this comp was a big upset. you can get it on cd, vinal (regular and picture disc), but not on tape.

Black Train Jack, "No Reward": this tape took me by surprise. it really took ne a long time for black train jack to sink in, but when i heard this tape... bang! it's great. it's kinda punky (and i'm not one for "punky" music) in a way but very appealing, catchy, and easy to listen to.

straight edge

it's a straight edge thang...
you wouldn't understand

I'm writing this because there seems to be a few people out there uninformed. Surprised???

If you are straight edge you can probably relate to this: How many times have you heard, "What's that X on your hand?", "Is that for Malcom X?", "Straight edge! What the hell is straight edge?". Well for those who still haven't caught on, straight edge is the philosophy of being drug free. That includes any form of alcohol and any form of tobacco. Yes, I do have a life and, yes, I do have fun.

Now let me ask the questions. Do You have a life? Do you have fun? I, myself, just don't find pumping my head full of chemicals only to find myself stumbling, falling, puking my guts up, and making a complete ass of myself too much fun.

Hell, I know what it's like, I've seen it all. Friends fighting friends because there drunk or one wont get the other high. I've had a close friend commit suicide because he was so caught up in that mess and couldn't get away from it all. Did his friends help matters? No! They just fed the fire. Did They learn anything from this? No! How many more people have to drop dead before someone realizes?

So what about your future now? Or doesn't it affect you? Are you goanna be doing the same thing as a parent? Are you goanna spend the money that could clothe your children or send them to collage on drugs and alcohol? Or are you goanna be the "cool" parent and let them smoke cigarettes and pot in the house? It's all your choice. The future is in your hands now. I've given up. Nobody learns. And the funny thing is, that's not the worst of it.

-Jon KFZ

FUR. . .

THE LOOK THAT

Alliance for Animals

Box

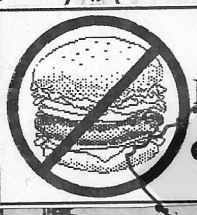
ANIMAL RIGHTS

The animal rights movement asks everyone to remember that the choices we make in our daily lives have enormous impact not only on the lives of other beings, but indeed on the destiny of life on earth.

-TAKEN FROM PeTA

E ANIMALS,
DON'T EAT THEM

nimals are my friends...
and I don't eat my friends
-George Bernard Shaw



CHOOSE A LIVING EARTH

GO VEGETARIAN

Animal Rights

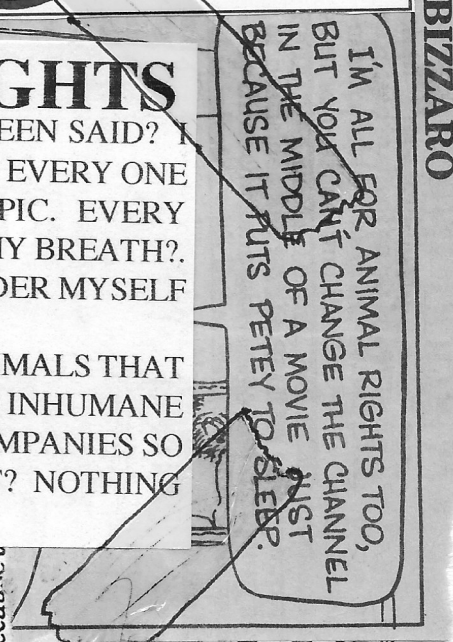
Go

MY VIEW ON ANIMAL RIGHTS

WHAT'S THERE TO SAY THAT HASN'T ALREADY BEEN SAID? I MEAN I COULD SIT HERE AND REPEAT EVERYTHING THAT EVERY ONE ELSE HAS ALREADY SAID ABOUT THIS PARTICULAR TOPIC. EVERY ONE DOES THEIR OWN THING ANY WAY, SO WHY WAIST MY BREATH?. I, MYSELF, LOVE ANIMALS, DON'T EAT MEAT AND CONSIDER MYSELF AN ACTIVIST.

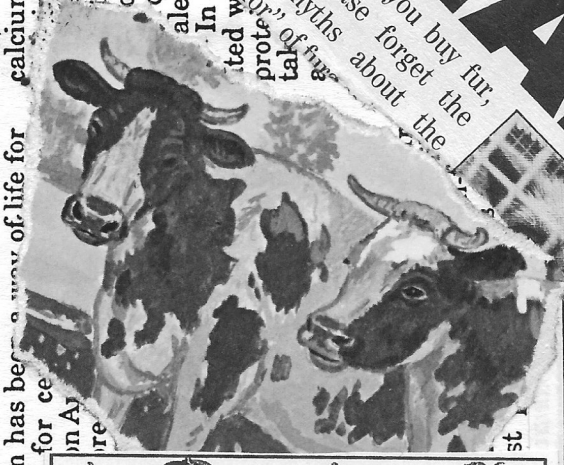
WE ALL KNOW THE CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE ANIMALS THAT WE USE FOR FOOD. WE ALL KNOW OF THE HORRIBLE AND INHUMANE EXPERIMENTS DONE ON ANIMALS BY THOUSANDS OF COMPANIES SO THEY CAN GET RICH. SO WHAT ARE WE DOING ABOUT IT? NOTHING KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. -JONX

BIZZARO



FUR IS DEAD

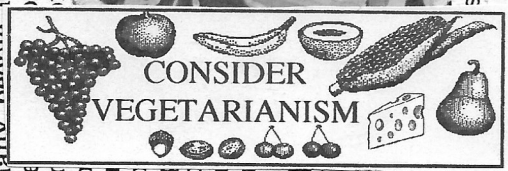
efore you buy fur,
please forget the
myths about the



THE GREAT AMERICAN MEATOUT 20 MARCH

PETA
People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals
P.O. Box 96684
Washington, D.C. 20077-7538

"An excellent specimen . . . symbol of beauty, innocence, and fragile life . . . hand me the jar of ether."



Competition

Did you ever want to be the best and on top? If not, you're lying. Well I'm part of the Delaware County local scene and i feel we should unite. There's a member of this one band who keeps putting my band and others down. Now that's gonna get our scene absolutely nowhere. Why cant he be quiet? I don't know. But if were gonna get this so-called scene going, were gonna have to support each other even if you don't like one particular band member.

-Beau (the Baddest Mutha in the Valley)

TROCADERO

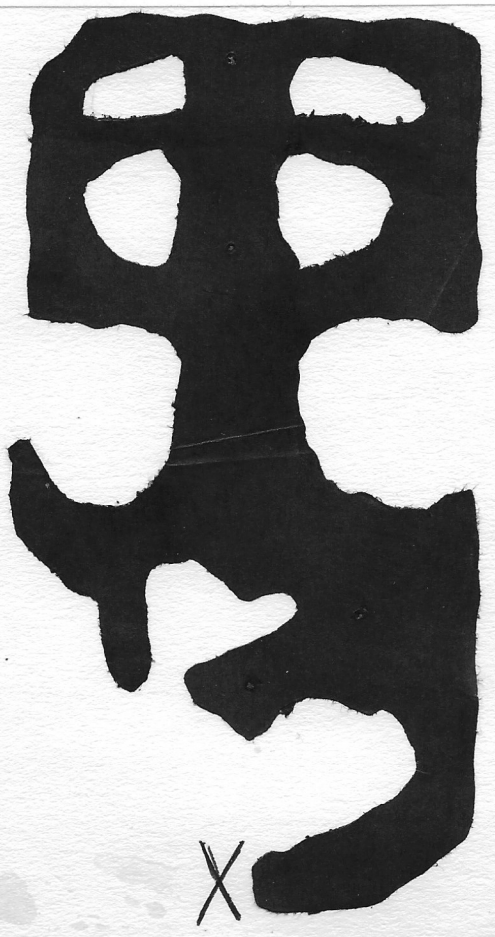
THE TROC SUCKS

OK, let me explain my frankness: the date was July, 16 1993 (tonight). Beau, Doc (Kevin), and i were on our wonderful way to the Trocadero Night Club to see a few bands play. This was a show I was waiting for considering FARSIDE was playing and I've been waiting forever to see them perform. So we get there, a little late (missed HEADSTRONG, the first band), but we've got to see REDEMPTION and HOGANS HEROES who both put on a good set. So now FARSIDE comes out, man they sounded beautiful and I was really digging them, dancing and jumping, everything. So next I decided to stage dive since no body else was. I figured it would spice some things up a little, so I waited for a little more up-beat song and i made my appearance on the stage. I proceeded to dance to the other end of the stage and leaped... I landed successfully and was pushed back up on stage for an encore. So this time I jumped, with a little twist, I did a flip and was again caught but I was let down this time. So my rides over, i now proceeded to exit the pit (where i so happened to land on my feet) and was rudely grasped by the neck by one of the neanderthal troc bouncers. He began to escort me to the door, still by the neck, and I calmly asked him what the hell he was doing. So he blurts out some bullshit that I shouldn't be doing summer-salts off the stage when there's so little people or something like that. FUCK YOU. So I didn't resist and i left peacefully while Mr.. Tough Guy got his jollies of pushing some kid around. Just like I said... FUCK YOU.

-jon X

TROCADERO

STRAIGHT X



SLAPSHOT

ONCE AGAIN SLAPSHOT IS "BACK ON THE MAP" AND OUT WITH ANOTHER PRODUCTION. THIS ONES CALLED BLAST FURNACE AND IT'S OUT ON WE BITE AMERICA. IT'S ANOTHER HIT. CHOKE, WHO NOW GOES BY HIS REAL NAME (JACK KELLY), ALONG WITH A WHOLE NEW LINE UP, TAKE ON SUCH TOPICS LIKE SPOUSE ABUSE. PLUS THEY DO A RE-MAKE OF "SAME MISTAKE." SO DOES THIS ALL MEAN THEY'LL BE COMING TO PHILLY SOON? LETS HOPE SO.

poems

"Confused"

WALLS ARE CLOSING IN
TIME IS RUNNING OUT
MIND IS BOGGLED, VISION BLURRED
MY HEART IS FILLED WITH DOUBT

QUESTIONING MY OWN JUDGEMENT
WONDERING IF I DO THE RIGHT THINGS
PART OF ME TRIES TO GROW UP AND EXPAND
AND TO CHILDHOOD, THE OTHER PART CLINGS

THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I REGRET NOT DOING
LEFT UNSAID, UNDONE, UNFINISHED
I'M STILL HOPING, WANTING, WAITING
MY DREAMS HAVE NOT DIMINISHED.
BY: TAMMY KITER

My Hours
Midnight is calling my name
Come out and play
The nighttime game

Find the trees
In the dark
Feel the fire
Be the spark

Amongst the natural creatures
Under the curious moon
Wild and strange and wonderful
It ends too soon
by: Tammy Kitter

untitled

as i stare at him in vain,
i feel he's changed.
nor bad, but not too good,
more like the same.

the mirror fogs at times
but still he's the same
just confused and questioned
by life's useless, little games.

this mirror has been cracked,
and shattered at times.
but the sands that bound it
heal it just as fine.
by: jon X

I was sitting in my room listening to my stereo. My mom and dad walked in and said they had to tell me something. Next thing I know we were moving to Guam. Where the hell is Guam. Water is the only thing there. What are my parents smoking? I tell them im not moving, but they insist I have to go. I hate Guam! My parents gave me no choice so I had to kill them. I committed the perfect crime and used the insurance money to move to California. -mike B.

I found myself on the war path for blood last night. It usually comes about this time of the year but I believe it came early due to Slayer visiting my town last week.

It's the same every year, more blood, more murder, more body parts clustering up my fridge. Its so boring! Better luck next year. -jon

I remember it like it was yesterday. I was sitting alone when.... Wait.... It was yesterday.
-jon X

this is a literature moment (obvioulsy). if you have some literature, of your own and of any type, please send it to us. if you would like us to publish it please specify so. if ya just want to send some and don't want it published, well send it.

a literature moment

i remember the beginning of it all as if it were yesterday. i remember my walks to school with him, smoking and talking about bot stuff with the other guts. after school it was more smoking, hanging out, you know how it goes. summers came and summers went, the more forts we built the same knocked down. but still they were built back up for we needed a place to hang so we could smoke and drink. it was great.

years went by more and more parties, more and more friends. more smoking, more drinking. it was the life. our clique was un stoppable we've built a family. but he was the closest to me, he was a brother.

now experimenting with drugs, and still smoking, and still drinking. parties came and parties went. running from the cops. it was fun until you'd get caught which had happened to him on several occasions. but still built back up. it now came down to juvie. i swore i'd never get arrested.

things were out of hand now. and things became unclear for me now. even to this day it's all un clear. well we grew apart while he was in and out of rehabs and detention centers. but he was strong. built back up. me, still smoking.

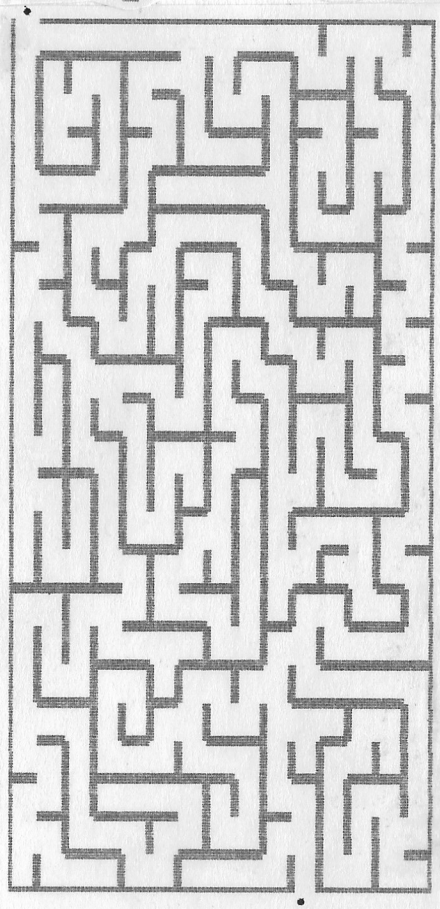
i became tired of this circle and was opened up to a new route (straight edge). still he was the same person. he couldn't help it himself. he didn't want to live life like that. and he didn't...

it's been a little over a year now since he took his life... r.i.p. -by: Jon

Knotwork's FUN PAGES

LITTERING IS UGLY.

CAN YOU HELP SAVE THIS POOR COW FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THIS MAD AND HUNGRY FARMER?



Send in for KEY

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Z	E	T	V	U	I	N	S	I	D	E	O	U	T	A	N	T	F	U	K	N
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M	V	M	T	T	T	S	R	O	T	D	Y	I	D	N	U	U	I	Q	G	X
G	F	G	I	I	W	E	K	I	Y	S	X	M	A	P	R	F	C	K	Z	F
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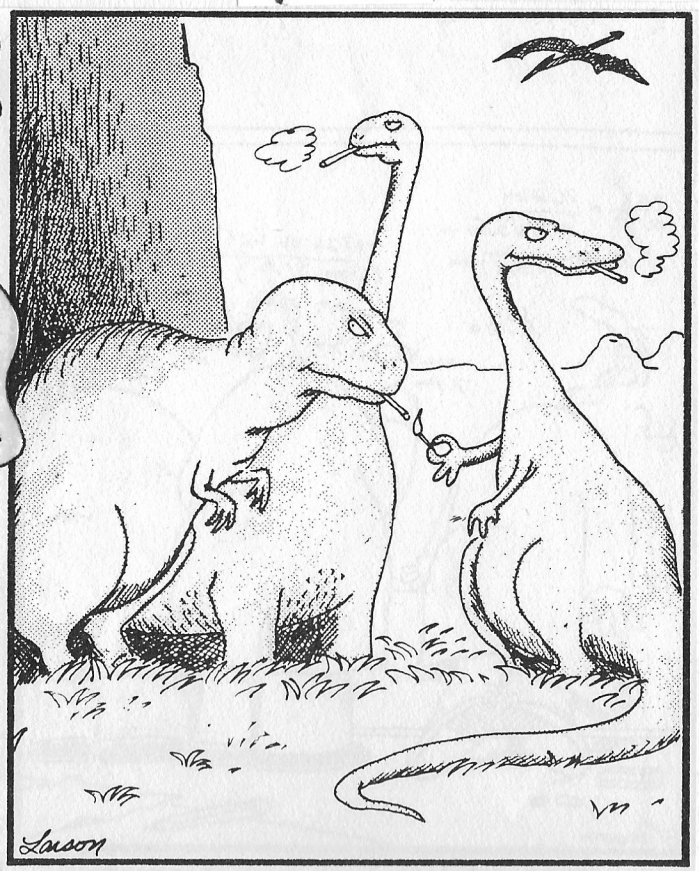
V	N	F	X	R	J	F	K	V	E	C	E	I	P	H	T	U	O	M	U	Y
S	X	K	Q	A	A	A	O	C	P	I	Q	F	M	F	I	L	N	P	N	V
A	T	R	M	R	H	L	H	X	I	Q	G	L	D	L	O	B	Z	M	P	O
C	J	V	X	I	V	L	T	O	H	S	P	A	L	S	N	R	U	B	A	X

CAN YOU FIND THE NAMES OF THESE BANDS?

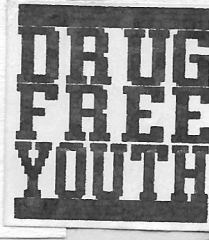
GORILLA BISCUITS	CHAIN OF STRENGTH	MAJORITY OF ONE
BOLD	BURN	DYS
TURNING POINT	SHADOW SEASON	YOUTH OF TODAY
STRIFE	ASHES	JUDGE
REFUSE TO FALL	RESSURECTION	KILLING TIME
FLAGMAN	SHELTER	VISION
SHEER TERROR	SICK OF IT ALL	INTROSPECT
TRANCEND	ENDPOINT	LIFETIME
CONVICTION	ENCOUNTER	SLAPSHOT
OUTSPOKEN	MOUTHPIECE	INSIDE OUT



The real reason dinosaurs became extinct

COLOR ME

I want to keep other drugs out-
They take over and push me out.



Naivety. This is primarily what I'm greeted with when I engage in any form of political discussion. Anarchy. A mass of rhetorical garbage about, "Burn the system down." The use of tired old words and slogans. People who fly these ensigns are calling for some form of change, yes, and they have no illusions about the system but plenty of illusions about how it should be changed. This, you must keep in mind, is only my opinion.

we, the youth of today, are no different from the youth of yesterday. We are desperately trying to make some sense out of our lives and out of the world. A world that offers no direction or support but only confusion and frustration. Most of us are products of the middle class (or the so-called middle class, I believe it to no longer exist today) though, presently, most of us have rejected our materialistic backgrounds and the lies and the disillusionment of the "good life", which once had meant everything to our parents. No longer do we live with or accept the life denying blindness of bourgeois society. I'm sure you'll agree with me when I say, "We've had enough." We want change, we need change but we do not know to properly go about bringing it to life. Many of us seemed trapped in an dreadful ennui and seem unable to break away from its suffocating grasp. Each new day passes us without any form of action taken from our behalf. Our reluctance to act becomes our acceptance to the way things are. To quote a man I'm sure your familiar with, "You don't do what you want to do but you do the same thing every day." We all seem to do nothing, probably because all effort seems futile to attempt in the first place. We constantly seem to be waiting for someone else to stand up and do what needs to be done but what exactly must be done? What exactly can be done?

Anarchy is no solution to the problems we face. Absolute domination by the law does not represent liberty, but no more does absolute anarchy. The sum total of every possibility does not amount to liberty, but to attempt the impossible amounts to slavery. Chaos is also a form of servitude. Freedom exists only in a world where what is possible is defined at the same time as what is not possible. Without law there is no freedom.

Panicking and running, rationalizing that the system is going to collapse anyway of its own rot and corruption is also no solution. Giving up, taking drugs, hiding in squats or any other medium of escape you can come up with, is also no solution. Suicide is definitely no solution. These days neither congress nor the president are prepared even to consider a program to rebuild America. Only a people's movement- mobilized and insistent- can begin to change our course. The job is getting the people to move, to act, to participate; in short, to develop and harness the necessary power to effectively conflict the prevailing patterns and change them.

All societies discourage and penalize ideas and writings that threaten the ruling status quo. They hold the power and do not, in anyway, wish to relinquish that power to us, the general masses. All change means disorganization of the old and organization of the new. One main problem here is that most people are impatient with the preliminaries that are essential to purposeful action. Effective organization is thwarted by the desire for instant and dramatic change. Time must be taken to properly organize. We are the new and the present establishment is the old, a fact known all to well by them. Their every action reveals the fear they harbour towards us and the fear of what we could potentially due if we we're to properly get together and act.

Except for Henry David Thoreau's limited remarks concerning revolution in his brief essay on, "The Duty of Civil Disobedience", our society has given us few words of advice, few suggestions of how to fertilize social change. We do, however, possess the right to implement a plan for revolutionary change. Lincoln's First Inaugural Address in 1861 was a reaffirmation of the revolutionary right, "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right to amend it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." And in the words of Thoreau," All men recognize the right to revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. . . Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be the first step toward obtaining it."

"We the people" must begin again while we are still able. We must start from where the world is, as it is, not as we would like it to be. That we accept the world as it is does not in any sense weaken our desire to change it into what we believe it should be- it is necessary to begin where the world is if we are going to change it into what we think it should be. We must find our voice and use it. Not for the complaints or the incessant whining that we have been vocalizing thus far but to search out those with similar ideas and beliefs. To build our own political base and give strength to our grassroots movement. Freedom of the body is not a comfort, but an achievement to which one aspires and at long last obtains after an exhausting struggle. This also applies to freedom of the mind. Remember, freedom itself is not a luxury to be taken lightly. We must fight to keep what we have and for what we do not have or die in the process of trying. As the credo of the Spanish Civil war went," Better to die on your feet than live on your knees."

I'm tired of being met with inertia, apathy, indifference, laziness, close-mindedness and aphorism's from sententious people and infantile dramatic's of rejection. I call for action and activism, do something for yourself and commit yourself to the fight; commit yourself to life. Take your mind from desuetude and stop your myopic thinking. Real generosity toward the future lies in giving all to the present.

Remember, though, to fear and detest dogma, for dogma is the enemy of human freedom. Dogma must be watched for and apprehended at every turn and twist of the revolutionary movement. Remember, that no ideology should be more specific than that of America's founding fathers," For the general welfare." For people cannot be free unless they are willing to sacrifice some of their own interests to guarantee the freedom of others. The price of real democracy is the ongoing pursuits of the common good of all people.

In writing this, I'd hoped to have come to some form of a point. Maybe for some of you reading, I did, to others I probably did not (but for some you never can). The "silent majority", now, are hurt, bitter, suspicious, feeling rejected and at bay. This condition in many ways is as explosive as the current race crisis. Their fear and frustrations at their helplessness are mounting to a point of political paranoia which can demonize people to turn to the law of survival in the narrowest sense. These emotions can go either to the far right of totalitarianism or forward to act two of the American revolution, whose human cry is one for a meaning, a purpose for life. The choice is inevitably yours.

If you want change than get up off your ass and make it happen. To echo the words of Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.," There is a time to let things happen and a time to make things happen." Accept the conditions that exist by doing nothing or stand up and act. Not in the name of "anarchy" but in the name of democracy, true democracy, not the falsehood we've been living under so far. Until you do, the world as you see it will remain as you see it.

P.S.

Did I miss something or what? I've recently been informed that straight-edge is dead. Can anyone out there show me some proof? Do we have a body? A blood stain on the carpet? Something?

Straight-edge is an individual choice and lifestyle. A personal philosophy of mental self control. As long as the individual, in the definition as we know it, survives, then so will the idea of sXe or any idea taken to heart by someone out there. Maybe people are referring to the social scene of straight-edge. A scene that has become a conformist assortment of self-righteous assholes with hollier than thou attitudes and a proliferation of what I affectionately like to call "Krishna Causalities". So be it I say, let the scene die. Straight-edge was never meant to be a "social scene". It was, in fact, a political movement; a movement of personal polities (It's near impossible to differentiate political beliefs from personal ones. Each, usually, are synonymous to the other). The sXe movement was a rejection of escapism in an attempt to embrace the harsh realities of life and meet them head-on with confrontation.

I began this column speaking of change but how can one change a polluted system of government when your own system is also tainted. If you wish to be a true threat to the "state", then you can achieve this end more effectively if you are sober and alert. Independence (a word open to interpretation) cannot be achieved if one is already dependent and dependency is the inevitable destination of all drug use, regardless of what one might think otherwise.

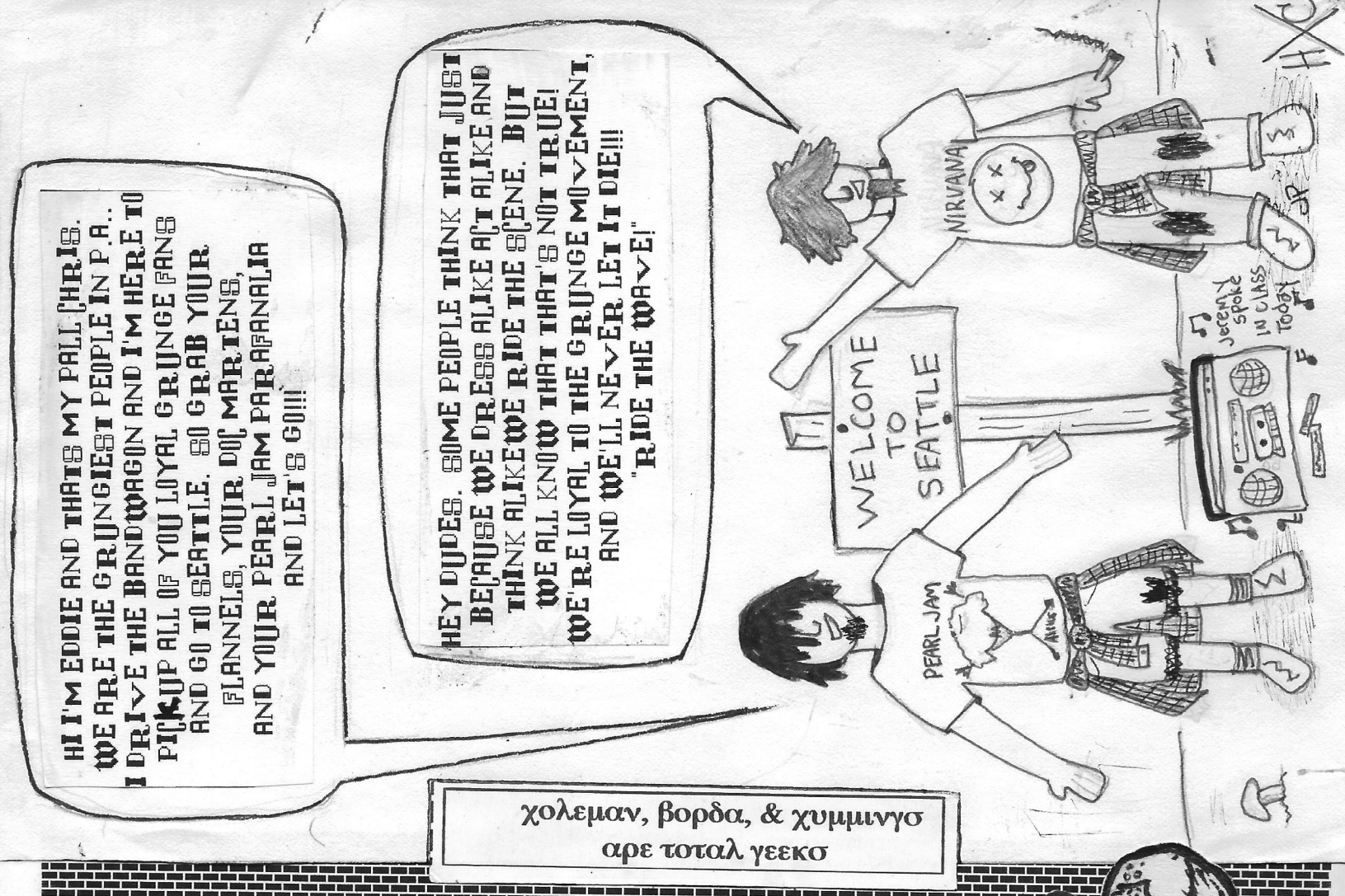
I don't condemn those who use drugs and alcohol but people who abuse them do piss me off. I only ask these people to sit down and give some thought to their own actions. The mind is like the body, if you don't keep it active with constant conflict, it begins to atrophy. Our society and our government don't seem to care for free thinking people and they are forever trying to sap us of our strength and our ability for autonomy every chance they can get. Our government prefers slow, easy targets. I see no reason to assist them, either financially or politically, by using drugs and alcohol.

Don't allow them to take your power away from you for power is the dynamo of life. Power, meaning" ability, whether physical, mental, or moral, to act." In short, life without power is death; a world without power would be a ghostly wasteland. If sXe is dead, then the funeral can stand as an analogy for our future. As long as I live, so will my beliefs. I speak only for myself here, when I say,"Keep it straight." (If those last three lines sounded as pathetic as I think they did, well then don't tell me.)

By: Scratch →

Labels on records
Why not labels on booze?
For example
A label that ran like so

Warning: Use of this product can cause vomiting, blurred vision, loss of motor control, loss of memory, severe headaches, dry mouth. Taken in the wrong amount, this can cause a false sense of security, false sense of awareness. Tis liquid has the potential to destroy your life, your internal organs, your work and your family. Prolonged use of this product can lead to dependency on this product. Prolonged use of this product can lead to the destruction of self-confidence. Prolonged use to this product can lead to the total destruction of self-respect. Prolonged use of this product can lead to the total destruction of the soul. Keep this out of the way and reach of your kids. Not to be sold to minors.



χολεμαν, βορδα, & χυμμινγσ
αρε τοταλ γεεκσ

Fashion is a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months.

- *Wilde*

grunge. . . why?

Why is there this thing called grunge? I mean yeah, there may be a good band or two that came out of it, but look at the bad points. One, the style; The flannel wearing cut-off shorts and 1-Goldberg Doc Martens (which I might add that I'm embarrassed to wear my Doc's anymore and that the price went up a considerable amount. I spent $100 dollars on my pair of Doc's this past November. They used to be a lot cheaper, but with all these Seattle heads and hip-hop people wearing them, the price goes up.)

And the people, those lovely Seattle loving people, how I despise them. There's a few in my school for example, a group of about seven or eight that really piss me and my friends off. They stroll around school talking about "that killer Screaming Trees concert" or how they can't wait 'till Lalapalooza two. I feel like ripping their greasy heads off and shoving my size 10 and 1/2 vans down thier throats. But, the worst part of all, the part that makes my blood run cold (I know you'll back me on this one) is how they ride hardcore like thier riding PEARL JAM. Thier is this one kid in my school, we'll call him "Eddie" well, eddie is like the leader of the sun valley chapter of grunge and , I might add, is a total embarrassment to hardcore and all it stands for. He swears he knows everything there is to know about hardcore, but he doesn't know he's a joke. He and all of his loyal followers should move to Seattle and stop making a bad name for hardcore.

-JUSTIN

Some People.....

I hate grunge.

People in my school (sun valley) suck. It is a bunch of wiggers, Jocks, and dead heads. the hardcore scene is about seven people. which is totally absurd. a school of hundreds and only a few are hardcore. AND that of course makes us, the Hardcore, outcasts. which is totally fucked up. And to top it all off, I don't drink or do drugs. so, I'll go to parties and people are like "have a beer." I don't and they get all bent out of shape and don't understand. they think im a weirdo for not drinking and all that shit. But that just goes to show you how people work. If you're a stoner or a lush you are considered cool, but if you're straight then, you're stupid. drugs are so present in my school and nobody does anything about it. I got called down to guidance before cause they thought I dealt and do drugs. I consider myself straight edge, why do they bother me. they (Administration) are so clueless.

J.H.

Personally, I don't think RAY CAPPO is so bad.

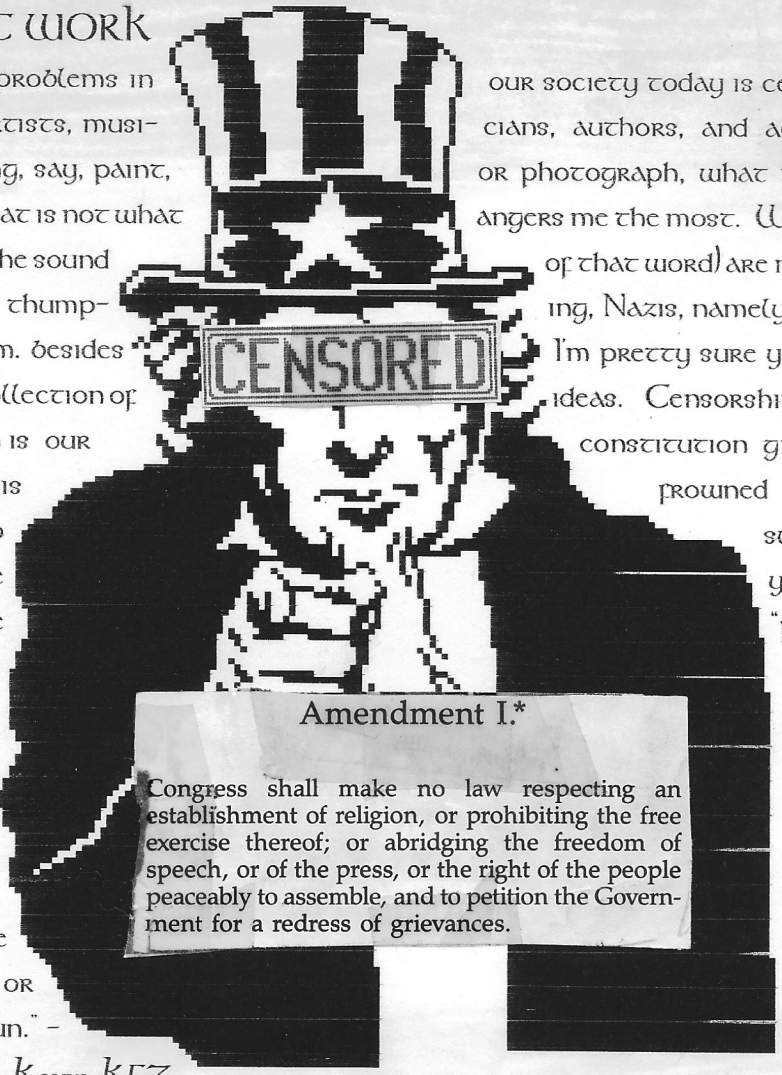
Phunky.

Seattle head.

DRUG FREE YOUTH

CROSS COLORS clothes suck.

CENSORSHIP DOESN'T WORK



One of the most serious problems in our society today is censorship. Censorship is simply the restriction put on artists, musicians, authors, and almost anybody, to the point where they cant write, sing, say, paint, or photograph, what they want to, or truly feel. All of this angers me, but, that is not what angers me the most. What angers me the most is that these restrictions (I hate the sound of that word) are mainly imposed by a very small group of right-wing, bible thumping, Nazis, namely, the P.M.R.C. I don't think I have to elaborate on them. besides I'm pretty sure you know who they are.

Now back to this whole collection of ideas. Censorship can not, does not, and will never work. One reason is our constitution gives us the freedom of expression. Secondly, censorship is frowned upon by most of the people in our country, people who support and censor anything are a minority. Finally, have you noticed on TV. When they censor something, like "foul" language, or a woman's breast, you know what they aren't letting you hear or see. So either way someone will be offended.

In conclusion, censorship, in all of it's hideous forms is unjust and (I love to say this, ha ha) "Dammit, it's UN-American." Censorship never works in society, it only causes problems. So here's my solution to the problem of offensive material. "If you are offended by something, don't read it, watch it, look at it, or listen to it." Always remember, "To each his or her own." -

unknown

-Kevin KFZ

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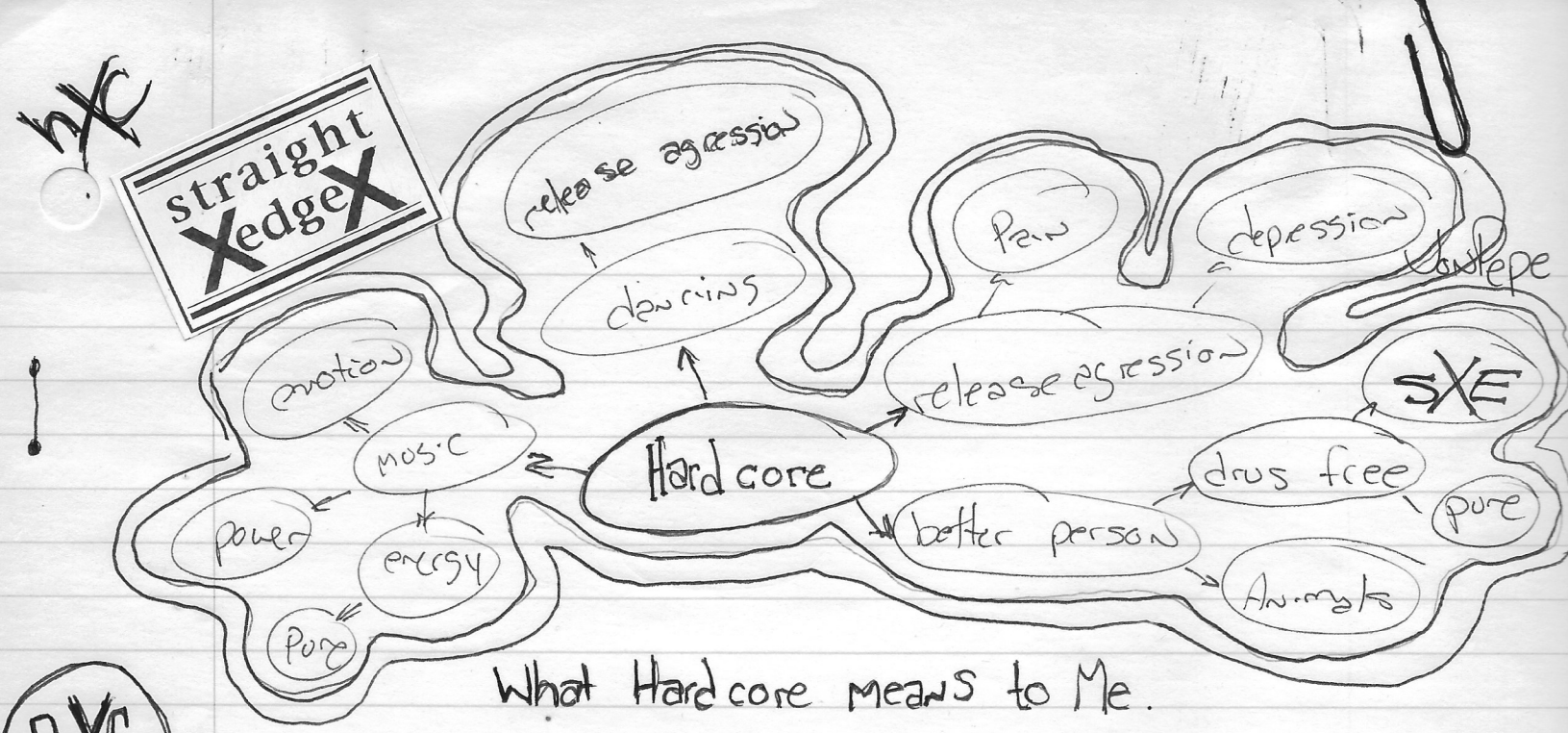
the following excerpt was taken from a paper Justin wrote for English class, he compares how hardcore music portrays the same philosophies as George Orwell does in his novel 1984.

Hardcore is more than just music, to some it is a way of life. Its about friends, its about speaking your voice, about saying anything you want to say without any fear of any body putting you down. The hardcore scene is different than any other. To someone looking at a "hardcore person" they might think that he/she is a freak, but if you looked more closely , you would see it's more like a family. The people in the scene are really supportive of each other and try to help one another out whenever possible.

***

Hardcore and 1984. It seems weird comparing the two, and showing how they relate, but with better understanding of what hard core is, the political aspect, the meanings behind some of the lyrics become evident in Orwell's 1984. And with a better understanding of modern day music and how it can relate to such a classical piece of literature, it helps to broaden your horizons and make you more open-minded to new ideas and things, and with that, we can make sure we never have a society like they had in 1984, a society based on a semi-divine leader, a Big Brother watching us. One of the things mentioned allot in hardcore music is to keep your physical and mental self free and not to let anybody tell you how you live, (something Big Brother wouldn't want to hear), and that's exactly what we have to do, stay free, stay hardcore.



What Hardcore means to Me.

S.XE.

When I think of hard-core I think of emotion, I think of agression and energy. I picture a united youth scene together with their peers releasing their pain, depression, and suffering that todays society brings on them. When Im at a show and Im out there dancing, I forget about school, I forget about my parents. I forget about our screwed up system and how Its screwed us.

Another thing that I find is that the bands we listen to are people just like us, their no idols their no rock stars, theres no glamor theres no money involved. How can you relate to some rocker, metal guy who stands on his high plat form 10 feet away from his audience singing about what the people want to hear? How can you relate to some beer guzzling jock, or some pot smoking head banger, or your wanna be L.S.D. taking modern day hippie?

Im very prowd of the hardcore scene even though its not perfect in itself. There no worry about Rules, or "You've gotta do this to be apart of us." Who needs that shit? I shurely don't.

X KNOTWORK X

FANZINE
216 S. Cedar La
upper Darby PA

IF ONLY CLOSED MINDS CAME WITH CLOSED MOUTHS.

SOMETIMES WE COME TO A POINT IN OUR LIVES WHERE WE HAVE TO START THINKING FOR OURSELVES. MOST OF US THOUGH DON'T HAVE THE BALLS TO EVEN TRY, OR THEY ONCE DID BUT THEN SAW HOW TOUGH IT WAS, THEY COULDNT TAKE THE "CRITICISM" FROM OTHERS . THESE PEOPLE PISS ME OFF THE MOST WHAT IS THIS WORLD COMING TO? I DONT KNOW I AM JUST A DUMB KID. SOUND FAMILIAR? DOES TO ME. ITS THESE OLD FUCKIN IDEAS THAT ALSO PISS ME OFF. THOSE OLD MEN WHO ARE TO AFRAID TO FACE REALITY AND THEN HAVE THE GALL TO BLAME IT ON US THOSE DAMN KIDS. NOW DONT GET ME WRONG IM NOT SAYING THAT ALL OLDER PEOPLE ARE THIS WAY BUT THERE IS SURE A LOT OF THEM. NOW , BACK TO SOME MORE IMPORTANT THINGS WHAT IS GOING WITH THE HARDCORE SCENE? NEW YORK STILL HAS A SCENE AND ITS DOING GOOD WHY CANT WE GET A STRONG SCENE GOING HERE IN PHILLY? GO OUT SPREAD THE WORD HARDCORE IS BACK START GOING TO SHOWS. I JUST GOT BACK FROM SEEING SHELTER AT CITY GARDENS, IT WAS GREAT, THERE WAS SO MUCH ENERGY. STRONG. WHY DO PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY THE ONES WHO HAVE DITCHED THE HARDCORE SCENE PUT DOWN RAY CAPPO? MAYBE BECAUSE A LOT 0F HIS IDEAS HAVE TRUTH TO THEM AND PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO FACE IT. SURE ITS EASY TO CRITICIZE AND MAKE FUN OF OTHERS BUT WHEN YOU TAKE A LOOK ON THE INSIDE YOU FIND OUT THAT YOURE ACTUALLY CRITICIZING WHAT YOU SEE IN YOURSELF AND YOUR JUST TO FUCKIN WEAK TO ADMIT IT. YOU DONT HAVE TO AGREE WITH ANYTHING I AM SAYING AND DONT BE OFFENDED BY IT, IF YOU ARE THEN I HAVE DEFEATED THE PURPOSE OF SITTING HERE AND TYPING THIS ILLOGICAL ARTICLE. END.

BY: KEVIN KFZ

SENIOR WEEK '93

DAY 1:

We arrived. Hello sunny Wildwood. Our first step out of the car, Justin, Beau and I proceeded to walk to the board walk because the lady, who was renting us the house for the weekend, wasn't home. So we walk... As we approach the side walk, there seems to be quarrel breaking out across the street which in moments turned into a fight. So we continued... Our destiny was the Board Walk Mall where we entered a heaven of cool shirts, we decided and made our choices and left. We were destined to return.

So we went back and settled in and in no time we left for the board walk again. It was night and the board walk was covered and crawling with people. It was a masquerade of drunk kids being loud, and stumbling all over. So we walked back and forth all night, meeting people, some nice, some not (fuck you, you know who you are). People we know, people we don't. Almost forgot to mention our run in with the law, "Wildwood's finest". We some how got mixed in with a group of people coming from the board walk as we were entering and the next thing ya know were up against a wall being frisked. We were so-called "victims of circumstance" of some fight on the board walk. Other wise our night was pretty cool.

DAY 2:

Morality rate is high and were up and awake for another day, the weather is great. Again we were up on the board walk. We hit a few stores (yep, the Board Walk Mall again). But the day was pretty boring. So night came, like it always does, and we made our appearance on the board walk again seeing more and more people.

Tonight we visited the houses where the people form our school were mainly staying. I guess you can call it a house, it was more like a drunken mess plopped down on the streets of Wildwood. We watched passed out people get harassed, and we left only to return later. In the mean time we decided to stay out all night so we camped out on the board walk until 3:00am or so. We paid beau to walk the whole board walk looking like a... God, you had to be there.

So we returned to the houses where the people from our school were staying and watched more passed out people get harassed. We left around 5:00am or so to see the sun rise and go home but the sun never rose that night.

DAY 3:

One last trip to the Board Walk Mall and were outta here. So we left, just like that. Pretty interesting. Right?

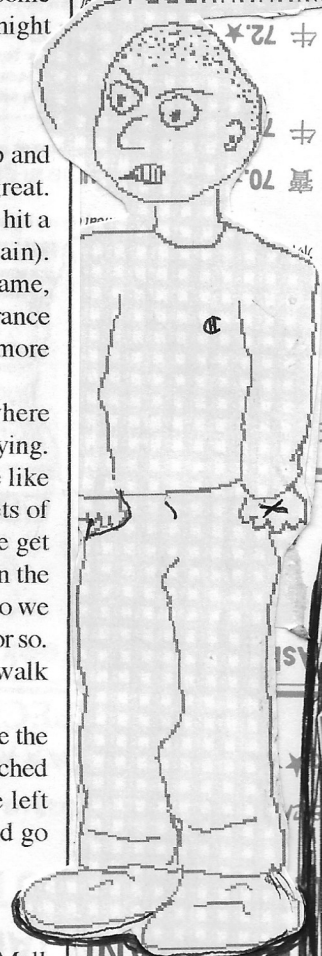
-complied by: Jon X

☺ Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation. ☺

☺ You will have a fine capacity for the enjoyment of life. ☺

JOB WANTED

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THAT I JUST CAN'T SIT HERE AND WAIT UNTIL SOMEONE COMES TO ME WITH A JOB. I TELL THEM I'M NOT, AND REALLY I'M NOT. BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE SUCH A BAD IDEA. SO PLEASE, IF YOU HAVE A JOB TO OFFER ME, CONTACT ME. PRONTO. I'LL BE WAITING.



TYPING, EDITING, AND OTHER STUFF BY JON KEVIN AND JUSTIN FRIENDS

THANKS

jon's thanks: all the straight edge kids out there along with the bands that make the scene, my parners (kev & justin), dave (for the art) ,beau, chris (scratch), mike, and tammy for their extra help, the rest of my friends, & you too ❦angela❦, b.j. (r.i.p.), blunt-edge (beau & chris), moo from gurls with guns, staples who printed this for us, you our purchasers, and this wonderful world for giving us so much to write and bitch about.

justin's thanks: every one who bought this zine, my under classmen friends m.b., k.c., i.f., b.b., (and the rest of you), ellen (even though your the devil), my parents, mike, berg, and jesse, (straighten up!), and everyone else who i forgot.

kevin's thanks: jon & justin for letting me write, the knotwork crew, all of the little people, howie, llanerch fire co., b.j., and all others who have given me insight on different topics, ...i'm good at remembering things... so if i forgot you, there's a good reason.

no thanks: you (you know who you are), the people who couldn't cough up a measly pocket change it cost for this zine and those who never paid us for the original copy of knotwork, the old school u.d. crew, the troc crew, all you "punks" in school that sell out the scene, s.v.h.s., all you bitches (you know who you are).

in closing i just want to say that i hope you enjoyed reading. if not, oh well. if you'd like please let us know what ya really think. just simply write in. correspondence is what runs this business. we are always open to criticism. plus if you write in we will put you on our mailing list and you will then be a proud member of the OFFICIAL KNOTWORK FAN CLUB. thru this you will receive neat mail, and i know everyone loves to get mail. plus you will receive free copies of knotwork (if your good). and last but not least you will get a cool fan club card, which you can show off to all your envi- ous peers.

remember if you have something you would like printed, send it in and specify if you want it printed. you have a voice too. give us letters, opinions, art work (b/w art preferred), articles, poems, stories etc... we'll - most likely print it. so once again thanks for buying and reading. i hope we keep in touch. thanks, - ***jon***

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upper darby, pa
19082

DRUG FREE YOUTH

Life. Do we really know how much it's worth, how much it can be? If we do, we sure don't seem to act that way. In fact, judging by the way we abuse the world, animals, other humans, and ourselves, life is pretty cheap. As days fly by, life for so many of us becomes a demanding process of "just getting by," going on through the motions, "doing what's done." We let society's poisons-tobacco, beer, pot, junk food, TV, etc.-tranquilize us as our lives, our dreams slowly bleed away. We live, work, consume, conform, and ultimately die...too numb, too scared to ever really ask "why?"

STRAIGHT EDGE